Englands Sorrow [20]

For the Death of his late Majeſty

King CHARLES the

Of Bleſſed Memory.

UNſluce your Tears for Shame: what can you keep
Your Eyes within their Sockets, and not Weep?
Have we a Jewel loſt, more worth by far
Than *Affrica* and both the *Indies* are?
And can you ſtop the Currant of your Tears,
And not Beflood your ſelves o're Head and Ears?
O Fie! fall down before his holy Shrine,
And Weep as faſt as ever it did Raine,
Stamp, and with Tears inundate all your Checks,
And ſplit his very *Marble-ſtone* with Streeks;
For we have loſt that lovely Silver Dove,
Which was a Pledge of God Almighty's Love:
'Tis Flown away; and left its Corporal Arke,
(Until the Reſurrecton) in the Dark:
Our ſplended *Sun* is Set, and gone away,
And ne'er will Riſe again till Judgment Day:
The Meekeſt, Sweeteſt, and the Beſt of Kings,
Is mounted on a pair of Angels Wings;
And by a Summon ſent from God) is gone
To ſet upon the Everlaſting Throne:
O! that I might (if it but Lawful were)
Whiſper with Reverence at his Sacred Eare,
And ask if he in earneſt had his Breath
Stop'd by the Handkerchief of Sawcy Death;
I can't believe it was; ſure 'tis a Lye.
The Elect ſhall only Changed be, not Die:
And he I'm confident was one of thoſe
Who being almoſt free from Sin was Choſe:
And ſo he did not Die as ſome Report,
But went a Live to the Cœleſtial Court;
There to recieve (ſtead of a fading *Crown*)
One that I'm ſure will never Tumble Down.
Therefore (when we perpend his Happineſs,
If we do Mourn) we ought to Mourn the leſs:
For (tho fond Nature bids us Weep a while,
When we conſider that) we ought to Smile.
Truly (to Mourn no more) I hold it Beſt;
Come draw his Curtains cloſe, and let him Reſt:
Tho he is gone, yet he has left in's ſtead
The Braveſt Prince that ever wore a Head:
Long may he Live to wear the *Crown* and Flouriſh,
Till all his Enemies Fret, Pine and Periſh.

by *J. Knap*

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